

THE
REASONS
OF
Mr. Joseph Hains

The PLAYER's
Conversion & Re-conversion.

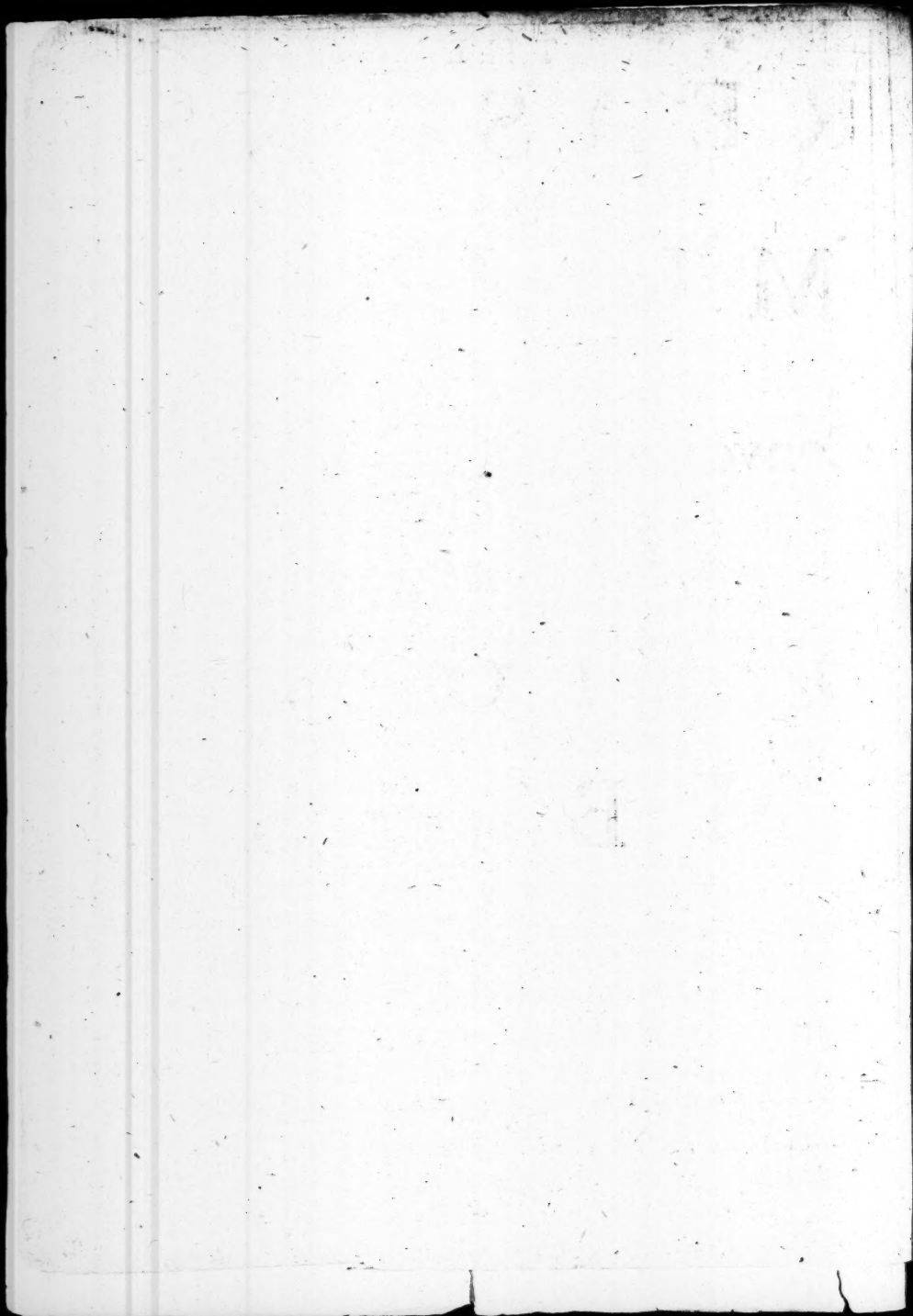
Being the Third and Last PART
TO THE
DIALOGUE
OF
Mr. BAYS.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus, & est mihi sæpe vocandus
Ad partes.*

Non compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius.

Juv. Stat. 4.
Hor. Sermon.

L O N D O N, Printed for T. Bennet, and A. Roper. 1691.



P R E F A C E

TO

M^r. B A Y S.

I Lately published the reasons of your Conversion, and, as in good manners bound, gave you the honour of the Dedication. All the Town was very well satisfied with the justice I allowed you in that Dialogue, unless some few malicious Critics, who, as I have been informed, complained of partiality in the case, and quarrel'd with me for assigning a dozen Reasons for your change, when one, or two at the most would have served the turn. Whatever these envious persons said, does not signify much; for the better sort thought otherwise, and were pleased to own, that the Conference was managed with all the fairness imaginable on your side. This brought your brother Convert Mr. Hains to me, who requested to have the same kind office done for himself, to which I readily consented: Now his motives bear so great a resemblance to yours, that I presently resolved to joyn them both together; for the very same considerations, as I have been prevailed with, to bind the White-Chappel Answer to the Vox Cleri, and some other Scriblers of the same comprehending Character, along with the Pious Mr. Baxters Plea for Nonconformity.

To be plain with you, Mr. Bays, for the trouble of these two Dedications, I expect no Guineas from you, no more than I could expect a contribution from the Clergy for dedicating a Treatise against Tithes to 'em, or from the Lawyers for presenting them with a new edition of the Ignoramus. I am acquainted with your present circumstances, and therefore don't desire to put you to any charges; only I must beg some of the following favours at your hands; to be cursed duly twice a day over a dish of Tea, may if you think it not too great trouble to you, as often as you pull out your Snuff-box: to be lashed severely in the next Preface, or damn'd in the next Prologue, or coupled with the Cataphractical Mr. Cleveland in your next Essay upon Dramatic Poetry; to be invoked Spring and Fall with all the devout ejaculations in Boileau, and Oldham, to be remembered every week in your Litany, and if you please to give me some unlucky nickname out of the Bible; so much the better, for that will be sure to stick by me for ever. Any thing of this nature will oblige me everlastingly to you, but to think to sham me off with a bare dry pitiful beating, 'tis below my merits, and I'll never accept on't. I hear you threatened to send one of your Sons to give me a little bodily chastisement, if

it were not below 'em. Truly, Sir, I am heartily sorry for their sakes, that I am no Livery-man as yet, or one of the City Common-Council; next Spring it may be you'll find me advanced to that Honourable preferment, for I have above forty of the best hands in the Parish in order to it already. But why Mr. Bays, do you talk only of one Son, send them both a Gods name, and rather than fail, appear at the head of them your self. But if you design to ruine me to all intents and purposes, e'en raise the Posse Comitatus upon me, for then the business will be done effectually.

And here, Honest Mr. Bays, I take my final leave of you, unless you give me some fresh provocation, that is, unless you follow Mr. Hairs's steps, and suffer your self to be reconverted to the Panther's Church; for then I shall most assuredly publish the Reasons of your return, and according to my usual civility, if I find your own Reasons weak and feeble, design to invent or imagine some new ones for you. Nay, if you but speak the word, I'll Print an account of your Re-conversion, even before you are Re-converted; as you know, it has been many an honest fellows case to have his Execution-Prayer Printed for him, before he came to Tyburn; and then you may enquire how the Town stands affected to that matter, and accordingly dispose of your self.

And now, because the ancient family of the Bays's, like that of the Attici, is not to be treated after the ordinary common method of Epistles, I here take my farewell of you in the words of Martial, to a person much of the same name with your self.

Quod sicca redolet palus lacunæ.
Piscinæ vetus aura quod marinæ:
Quod jejunia Sabbatariorum,
Quod Vulpis fuga, Vipera cubile,
Quod Spurcæ moriens lucerna testæ,
Mallem, quam quod oles, olere Basse.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Mr. BAYS and Mr. HAINS.

Mr. Bays. **M**Y Old Comedian still alive, and lusty !

Mr. Hains. What, the Ornament and Glory of the *English* Theatre, my honest Friend, Mr. Bays !

Mr. Bays. Dear Rogue, let me hug and caress thee a while: Well I'gad, Brother Convert, I am as glad to see thee safe and sound again here in Town, as a fond Citizen, that has lost his virtuous Spouse for two or three days at this end of the Town, is to see her brought home in a Coach by some obliging Gentleman, and return to her family administrations.

Mr. Hains. And for my part, I take as much delight and satisfaction, to behold the ingenious Mr. Bays, as an *Italian* does to see his Mistress at Church, or a long-expecting Cardinal to see a *Sede Vacante*.

Mr. Bays. But, my Noble Count, where hast thou passed thy time all this while. 'Tis an Age, at least, since I had the honour of thy company. And how, and how do our Friends of the *Crusca* at *Florence*, the *Riccurati* at *Padua*, and the *Lyncei* at *Rome* ? How goes Poetry forward in that refin'd noble Country ? What Sonnets and Pastorals, or Theological Discourses hast thou brought over with thee ? Come I' faith, I must ask thee as many questions about this affair, as a suspicious *Spaniard* asks his Wife on the Wedding-night, or a hot Priest does a raw Country girl at the Confessional.

Hains. Nay, not a syllable of Theological Discourse, as you love me, Mr. Bays, in Poetry or business of that nature you may command me as far as you please, but for Divinity I desire to be excused, it never suited with my Complexion. To satisfy your curiosity then, I have been travelling abroad in the world to cultivate my person, and acquire a little experience for the relief of my old age.

Bays. Let me conjure thee, Dear Rogue, as thou hopest for no Gout, no Palsie ; or what is more mortifying, for no barking Lungs, no barking Creditors, and no Small-Beer in thy declining years, to acquaint me with the history of thy Travels ; for I am more impatient to hear the issue of it, than a Poet is, to hear the success of his New Play behind the Curtain ; or a Gentleman that has employed his Friend to try the Honour of his Lady, longs to hear behind the Hangings how she comes off with the Temptation.

Hains. To make short of the matter, Mr. Bays, since I saw you last, I have passed the *Streights*, shot the *Gulph* of *Lyons*, seen the *Vesuvio* and *Mont-Gibel*,

dined with the *Bey of Algiers*, made the *Giro of Italy*, and the *Tour of Malta*, sung before the *Beau Monde of Tripoly*, and danced before the *Beglerbegs of Tunis*:

Bays. I see, you keep up your merry diverting humour still, *Mr. Hains*:

Hains. I have made seven *Bashaws*, two and fifty *Knights of Malta*, three *Italian Princes*, fourscore and thirteen *Fryars*, eight *Fathers of the Society*, with about some thirty *Neopolitan Bards*, as drunk and tipsie as so many *Bears*. At a Carnival time, *Prince Pamphilo* and my self *Lamblack'd* ninety nine *Signs at Venice*; we drank our *Mistresses* healths on the two *Corinthian Horses* in *St. Marks*; we rubbed out all the *Milkscores* in the *Sirada Nova*, and bilked just three hundred ninety nine *Coaches*, precisely and no more, in *Lombardy*.

Bays. Well, I'll say that for thee, *Mr. Hains*, thou art one of the most accomplished ingenious *Humorists in Europe*. DDB

Hains. I plaid upon a *Key* and a pair of *Tongues* before the *Pope* and *Cardinals*; by the same token that *Innocent* the *Eleventh* got his death by overdancing himself, tho' this is a mystery which you were never acquainted with before; but then as for the *Ladies* *Mr. Bays*—

Bays. Ay, what have you to say to the *Ladies*, *Mr. Hains*.

Hains. Why, what with the agreeableness of my *Meen*, the gayety of my *Conversation*, the irresistible *Charms* of my *Singing*, and the gallantry of my dancing, I had the good luck to charm all the *Ladies* where-ever I came; *Signor Giuseppe* says one, when will you come, and help me to firing my *Lute*; *Signor Giuseppe*, says another, shall we see you at night in the *Grotto* behind the *Dukes Palace*; *Signor Giuseppe*, says a third, when will you come and teach me the last *Song*, which you made for the *Prince of Tuscany*; and so I faith, they *Giuseppe*d me on amongst them, till I had sworn, at least, to a dozen *affignations*; and knew no more, *Mr. Bays*, where it is best to dispose of my self, than poor *Needle* that's exactly placed between two *Loadstones*, which way to incline it self.

Bays. I warrant thee *Dear Rogue*, thou didst wish then with all thy heart, that some honest *Miracle-monger* of a *Priest* cou'd have transubstantiated that sinful *Body* of thine, that thou mightest have been capable of answering half a dozen *appointments* at a time. I am sure had I been in thy case, I had desired the same blessing as heartily, as ever rising favourite prayed for a plurality of *Titles*, or a *Town Bully* for a plurality of *believing Mercers*.

Hains. Well, I was a graceless ill-natured *Devil* that's certain; I left seven women of good condition languishing for me at *Algiers*, twelve at *Tripoly*, fourteen at *Tunis*, eight and twenty at *Saragosa*, and thirty three at *Naples*. Since my arrival into *England*, I have been informed, half of 'em are dead, and the rest in a fair way to be translated in a short time.—But what would you have a man do in such a case, dear brother *Squob*? You know no bodies *Tabernacle* is able to bear such perpetual skirmishing; and for my part, let me tell you, I do not pretend to be a *Samson*—

Bays. Nay, you need not excuse you self, *Mr. Hains*, as to this point; for to my certain knowledge, a person acquits himself with honour and reputation enough, that can contrive to come off a savor from one *Affignation*.

Hains. One of the best intrigues I ever have had in my travels, was with the *Grand-masters Mistress* in *Malta*; a fine, plump two-handed *Bona Roba*, I faith, with *Eyes* as sparkling as *Canary*, and *Cheeks* as red as *Claret*.

Bays.

Bays. And how didst thou compass her at last, dear Comedian—

Hains. Why, I attack'd her several ways, but to no purpose at all; at last I thought a Serenade was the likeliest way to prevail upon her Affections; and so I translated a certain Ode out of *Horace*, which was very suitable to the occasion, and sung it under her Window.

Bays. May I pretend to so great an interest in thee, Dear Rogue, as to beg it of thee.

Hains. With all my heart, Dear *Squob*. But you are to understand it was first translated into *Italian*, but since my coming into *England*, I translated it for my own diversion into *English*, and such as it is, you are heartily welcome to.

Extremum Tanaim si biberes Lyce. Ode 10. Lib. 3.

I.

*Tho you, My Lyce, in some Northern Flood,
Had chill'd the current of your Blood;
Or lost your sweet engaging Charms,
In some Tartarian Husbands icy Arms;
Were yet one spark of pity left behind,
To form the least impression on your mind:
Sure you must grieve, sure you must sigh,
Sure drop some pity from your Eye;
To see your Lover prostrate on the ground,
With gloomy Night, and black despair encompass'd all round.*

II.

*Hark! how the threatening storms arise,
And with loud clamours fill the Skies.
Hark! how the tottering Buildings shake,
Hark! how the Trees a doleful comfort make.
And see! Oh see! how all below
The Earth lies cover'd deep in Snow:
The Romans clad in white, did thus the Fesces woo,
And thus your Freezing Candidate, my Lyce, sues for you.*

III.

*Come lay these foolish niceties aside,
And to Soft Passion sacrifice your Pride;
Let not the precious hours with fruitless questions dye,
But let new Scenes of pleasure crown 'em as they fly.
Scorn not the flame, which your own charms inspire,
And no kind friendly minute lose,
While Youth, and beauty give you leaves to chuse.
As men by Acts of Charity below,
Or purchase the next world, or think they do.
So you in Youth a Lover should engage,
To make a sure retreat for your declining age.*

IV.

*Let meaner Souls by Vertue be cajol'd,
As the good Grecian Spinster was of old.
She, while her Son his youthful prime bestow'd,
To fight a Cuckolds wars abroad,*

Held

*Held out a longer siege than Tory
Against the warm attacques of proffer'd joy :
And foolishly preserv'd a worthless chastity,
At the expence of ten years lies and perjury ;
Like that old fashion'd Dame, ne'er bilk your own delight,
But what you've lost i'th' day, get, get it in i'th' night.*

V.

*Oh then if prayers can no acceptance find,
Nor vows, nor offerings bend your mind :
If all these powerful motives fail,
Yet let your Keeper's injuries prevail.
He by some Play-house-Fill, misled,
Elsewhere bestows the Tribute of your Bed.
Let me his forfeited Embraces share,
Let me your mighty wrongs repair.
So Kings by their own Rebel-powers betray'd,
To quell a homebred Foe, call in a Forreign aid.*

V l.

*Love, let Platonicks promise what they will,
Must like Devotion be encourag'd still.
Must meet with equal wishes, and desires,
Or else the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.
And I, for all that boasted flame
We Poets, and fond Lovers idly claim,
Am of too frail a make I fear,
Shou'd you continue still severe,
To brave the double bardship of my fate,
And bear the coldness of the winds, and rigour of your hate.*

Mr. Bays. So, *Mr. Hains*, you compass'd her at last, I don't question with this all-confounding perswasive of a Sonnet. Nay never blush for the matter, noble Comedian of mine, for I have been in my time, as great a Virtuoso for this kind of natural Philosophy, as thy experienced self.

Hains. I won't trouble you, *Mr. Bays*, to recount my *Turkish*, my *African*, and my *Grecian* amours to thee ; for then you must expect to find me as tedious, as a Thrice-married Widdow when she lanches out in commendation of her deceased Husbands ; or one of my own Brothers of the Theatre, that has bound the Poet apprentice to the Player, when he discourses very pertly concerning the ancient and modern writers.—But still dear *Malta* I shall never forget thee.

Bays. Nay, *Mr. Hains*, I must freely own, you have a great deal of reason to remember *Malta*, considering the noble rencounter you had there with the Grand Master's Mistress : and what sort of a place it is pray.

Hains. Oh ! dear Rogue, 'tis the finest, happiest Island in the world. The sweetest Air, the Richest Wine, the bravest Gentlemen, the most obliging well-bred Ladies, that methinks I could never be weary of discoursing upon so entertaining a Subject. Thou mayst guess, little *Bays*, what plenty of Women they have amongst them there, when I shall inform thee, that there are two or three thousand

fanc

and Bawdy Batchelors always upon the spot: Men of fortitude, and vigour, that have made a vow of chastity, and yet Fornicate in abundance.

Bays. Thank you for that observation *Mr. Hains*. For I have always remarked, it has been the fashion of the world for men to act just contrary to the professions they make. Thus your superannuated Old Lady, that's perpetually declaiming on the vices of the Age, is the fondest, and most violent Lover in private.

Hains. Thus your men of Sanctity and Devotion, are the greatest Libertines within doors; your men of complaisance and Civility, the greatest Enemies behind your back; your men of Latitude and Comprehension, the greatest persecutors when they get uppermost. Your Ecclesiastical pretender to Covertly, the rankest Miser; as your pretender to Wit, and good breeding is generally the dullest, rudest Animal in the World. All this had been true *Mr. Bays*, whether you or I had ever observ'd it, or no; but still dear *Malta* I shall never forget thee.

Bays. Come *Mr. Hains*, I am confident there's something or other extraordinary in the case, that makes this *Malta* run in thy Head so; prithee Communicate it, for I can keep a secret as well as a *White-Hall* whisperer, or a Chamber-maid you have lain with; a Minister of State you have bribed, or a Simoniacal Parson.

Hains. To satisfy your longing *Mr. Bays*, you must know I was converted to the *Roman* Religion in this Island; and tho I say it, that should not, the manner of my Conversion was a hundred times more strange, and surprizing than ever yours was.

Bays. And did the news then of my Conversion arrive to thee beyond Sea? Prithee let me know, what were the sentiments of your part of the World upon that occasion; for not to mince matters with you, every body here at home looked upon it as a Prodigy: I have had half the Scriblers about the Town upon me at once, that have Persecuted, and treated me ten times worse, than the Author of the *Vox populi* has treated *Tobit's* Dog; and yet I gad *Mr. Hains*, seemingly I took no more notice of the affront, than a Fanatick would do of some half a score alterations in the Liturgy; and was pleas'd publicly to say here in *Will's* Coffee-House, that it was below the Honour of *Mr. Bays*, to answer these little Pamphleteers, as much, as it is below the reputation of a Gentleman, to send a Challenge to a Surly Beef-Eater that turn'd him out of the Presence Chamber at *White-Hall*.

Hains. That was politickly done, let me tell you, *Mr. Bays*. For had you condescended to answer one, you had lain under an obligation of answering the whole herd. And therefore to pretend an insensibility, or neglect of 'em on this occasion, was as cunning a fetch, as it was of *Mr. Horner* in the Country-Wife, to publish his disability, as to love affairs, when he design'd to free himself from the importunities of his old cast Mistress.

Bays. But all this while, *Mr. Hains*, you forget to tell me how the story of my Conversion relish'd abroad.

Hains. Why to me, that was acquainted with thy Character, and the fickleness of thy Constitution, it pass'd for no Miracle I can assure thee. I use to judge of other people by my self, and let a Dramatist, little *Bays*, write for any Religion, as much he pleases, I am confident he no more minds to advance it, than

any of the honest drinking Members of the House thought to confound Claret by passing the Twelve-penny Act. For a Poet is a true *Swisse*, that never troubles his head with the merits of the cause, for which he's engaged.

Bays. That might be your single opinion, Mr. *Hains*, I confess. But what said the rest of mankind to my Conversion?

Hains. I am afraid I shall make thee a little vain, if I divulge it. You are to know the Pope and Cardinals rejoiced exceedingly at the news. The Queen of *Sweden* (that had a particular kindness always for Poets) to testify her zeal upon that occasion gave a fine entertainment at her Palace; at which the greatest Masters of Music in the City assisted; nay so general was the joy for your Conversion, that I durst almost have sworn, the Congregation *de propaganda fide*, would have ordered a solemn procession about the Town, to complement Heaven upon that score.

Bays. Dear Mr. *Hains* how shall I be able to make thee any suitable returns for so great an obligation?

Hains. Now (said they) the Converts in *England* will come faster upon our hands, than we know how to provide for 'em. Heresie is utterly demolisht for this age, that's certain. We have already got Mr. *Bays* the Poet-Laureat on our side, and he by his example will soon prevail upon the rest of his profession to turn Catholicks; and when we have got the Poets to defend our Cause, the whole Nation must come in of course. For the People must of necessity judge there's something very convincing, and extraordinary in that Religion, which the Poets so resolutely maintain, as when we see a Man from a lewd Rake, hell, turn Saint on the sudden, we are apt to ascribe it to little less than a Revelation: So they concluded that by this means the whole Nation wou'd be brought in a short time to declare.

Bays. Well I must needs say, that if it had not been for this unlucky Revolution, matters wou'd have infallibly succeeded, as these *Virtuoso's* did imagine.

Hains. For your farther comfort Mr. *Bays*, your Book was carried with a great deal of Triumph to the *Vatican*, where it is shown to all strangers along with King *Harry's* Letter to *Ann Bolein*, and his treatise against *Luther*. Besides, it was the common discourse of the Town, a little before I left the place, that the Pope design'd to employ a Celebrated Workman to Carve a *Hind* and *Panther* in Marble; and, in order to preserve the memory of their immortal Conference, to place their Statues on each side the two famous Horses in *Monte Cavallo*.

Bays. This mighty honour that you tell me, has been done to my works, has thrown me into such a transport of Joy, that I fancy it wou'd be convenient to take a Dose of *Diascordium* before I go to bed, to prevent a Fever, and all that; pray give me your advice Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. What I am going about to tell you, will save you the expence of your *Diascordium*, and all that. Indeed, the more curious inquisitive Persons at *Rome*, that had found out your Character, and manner of Conversation; that had informed themselves of the Author of the *Religio Laici*, and the *Spanish Friar*, were of opinion, that for all your pretensions to be a Convert, you deserved only to be honestly damn'd for your pains; for I must tell you, Mr. *Bays*, the good natur'd Church of *Rome*, is as little inclined to forgive a man that has once affronted her, as a Lady of the Town, that grudges to have the least mite of Conjugal Bene-

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Benevolence bestowed elsewhere, is to pardon her poor Husband, that she has found trespassing with one of her Maids in the Garret. And now I have been so free as to acquaint thee with what that part of the World as I resided in, thought of thy Conversion, prithee tell me what they said of mine here in *England*.

Bays. Why, I'faith Mr. *Hains*, you and I have had the worst luck of any two Converts in the Universe. We cou'd get no body breathing to believe one syllable of our Conversion; as for yourself, though a Missionary from Heaven had come on purpose to attest the sincerity of your change, it had never passed: They remembred you palm'd a Count upon the *French King* formerly in your younger days, and so they concluded that from the same principle of mirth and diversion, you were resolv'd to palm a Convert upon the Pope and Cardinals in your Old Age. But letting alone such a foolish disquisition, prithee proceed in the History of your Conversion.

Hains. You are to understand then, Mr. *Bays*, that in coming from *Algiers* (where I had the honour to Dance before three score and five *Turkish* Women at a Renegadoes Wedding) to *Malta*, we were becalm'd at Sea for the space of a Week and upwards; during which time, whether it happen'd through the excessive heat of the Season, or the Iniquity of my Youth, or both, I was troubled with a mighty tumour in my left Arm, which the next Night after threw me in to a violent Calenture.

Bays. Poor Rogue, I pity thy condition with all my heart.

Hains. After some outward and inward Medicines applied to no purpose, at last the Surgeon and Chaplain of the Ship — no, I beg your pardon, I should have said the Chaplain and Surgeon of the Ship —

Bays. I don't like that Conjunction, Mr. *Hains*, 'tis a foreboding augury, let me tell you. A Chaplain and a Surgeon to a sick man, 'tis like the Conjunction of a hard Jury, and a worse Judge, to a Prisoner at the Bar.

Hains. They came into my Cabin, and in a very mournful tone told me, We'd advise you, Mr. *Hains*, to make up your Accompts with this World as soon as you can, you cannot expect to live four and twenty hours longer in this at the farthest, therefore we counsel you to think of Eternity, and prepare your self for another Station.

Bays. That word *Prepare your self for another Station*, when you had no mind to quit your present Post, was, I don't question, full as mortifying a Summons to thee, my Noble Comedian, as it would be to a young unfighting Tradesman of the New-raisd Regiment of Horse, to leave his pretty Employment and pretty Wife at home, and be sent to starve at his own cost and charges in *Ireland*.

Hains. Nay, I must confess, I received the News with no great alacrity of Spirit, for I had leisure enough to reflect on all my Juvenile Frolics and Excursions, and hoped my Stars would be so civil to me, as to allow me a longer time to Adjust my Accompts. As my good Fortune order'd the matter, there happen'd to be a certain *Calabrian* Gentleman on the Ship, who was going to pay his Devoir to the Grand Master of *Malta*, that was his Cousin German.

Bays. Now thou revivest me, dear Rogue; I'faith, I was going to give thee over forlost, and then I am sure, all the *Veneres Cupidinesq*; all the pretty soft Graces of the Theatre, had departed along with thee.

Hains. His Name, which I shall never forget, was Signor *Pietro Leandro*, the sweetest,

sweetest, most obliging Gentleman that I had ever the Honour to converse with; he coming to give me a visit in this extremity, in the first place asked me what Religion I was of?

Bays. And that, I am afraid, was as difficult a question for thee to resolve, as it would be to a modern Latitudinarian or Alteration-man, to answer, what Church he's most inclin'd to, the Establish'd or the Fanatick.

Hains. Sir (said I) for your comfort, you'll find me of what Religion you please; I am at your service, recommend me to what Perswasion you think convenient; My soul's, as to that affair, a clean sheet of Paper, a meer *Tabula Rasa*, therefore, Sir, you may impress any Characters in the World upon it; whether Christian, or Mahometan, Jew, or Pagan, 'tis all a case to your poor distressed servant.

Bays. And what said your Noble Calabrian to all this, I prithee?

Hains. He shook his Head, and seem'd as much surpriz'd at the Confession I made him, as the Ordinary of *Newgate* is at an old *Sabbath-breaker's* History of his Debaucheries; at last, he asked me what Profession I was of, and in what Religion my Parents had educated me? To this I reply'd, that in my present Character I was Secretary to the *English* Ambassador who was bound for *Constantinople*, that I had served the Stage in Quality of a Player, and Prologue-maker some twenty years: That if I belong'd to any Religion, it was to the Reformation, but to what branch of it, I no more knew, than a new comer to *London*, Mr. *Bays*, knows what Ward, or Aldermans Jurisdiction he lives under.

Bays. I shall certainly die with laughing at this pleasant passage; but pray continue the discourse.

Hains. That I had the Charity to believe, my Father took care to get me Baptized when I was an Infant, (the only time when he was capable of managing me,) but that by reason of my continual business in the World, I never had time to consult the Parish Register for better information. That I could have said the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the ten Commandments by heart about forty years ago, and that, thanks to my Almanack, I had most of the Names of the Saints, and the Apostles still very fresh in my memory.

Bays. Pray proceed.

Hains. At this my Gentleman put on a sweeter Countenance than before, and smiling told me, Sir, there are still hopes of your recovery, if you can but put your self into a sober posture of Contemplation for an hour or two, and heartily believe in *St. Paul*.

Bays. What answer did you give him, Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. I told him I could heartily believe in *St. Paul*, or any other Saint in the Calendar, that wou'd undertake to cure me. Why then (says he) I have a certain Medicinal earth in my Trunk, that goes by the Name of *St. Paul's Earth*, we call it in *Italy*, *La terra di Santo Paolo*, and it grows in a remarkable Grotto in *Malta*. You have no more left you to do upon this occasion, but only to apply it to the tumour in your arm, and afterwards to believe in *St. Paul's* merits as heartily as you can.

Bays. I am as impatient to hear the sequel of thy story, as a Country Lady at the Play-house, is to know what Fortune a rich Heiress, that was married in the first Act, will meet with in the fifth.

Hains.

Hains. Signor (said I) leave me alone to that. I warrant you I'll believe as thoroughly, as firmly, as implicitly, and as substantially, as any person in *Christendom*. Never question the extent of my Faith Signor, said I, for upon an extraordinary affair, I can make it travel as far as an old dreaming Monk, or an old penitent *Magdalen*. Upon this he fetches me some of this Miraculous Earth, then bids me apply it to the place above-mention'd, and then without fail to follow the other prescription; for without that, says he, it won't signify a brail's farthing.

Bays. So now, I can imagine thee, my Noble Count, raising thy self upon thy Pillow, with thy eyes lifted up, and a great deal of Devotion in that ungodly Countenance, applying this sanctified Earth to thy unsanctified Arm.

Hains. At parting, cries the Gentleman, I don't question to see you whole and lusty again, within these two or three days at farthest, and then I may take occasion to discourse you more particularly about the principles of the Christian Religion, and settle you, if possible, in the Romish Perswasion; but above all, (and then he shut the door upon me) don't forget to recommend your self to the merits, and intercession of you know who.

Bays. Well, I must needs say that for the *Italian* Gentlemen, they are as desirous to make a Convert to their Church, as —

Hains. As an *Algerine* is to make a Captive, or a Rook a good easie Cully. They never think they have entertain'd a stranger heartily, unless they can intoxicate him with their superstition into the bargain, as your Country Gentlemen never think they have made a man welcom in their Houses, unless they send him home Dead-drunk. 'Tis their interest, Mr. *Bays*, that carries them on to this charitable performance; for the converting of one single Heretick will give them credit at the Confessional for a whole years running on tick in Gaming, Swearing and Whoring.

Bays. Nay, now you begin to be Satyrical, Mr. *Hains*, I must desire you to quit this digression, and pursue your story.

Hains. When the Gentleman had left me, I made use of his Earth according to his prescription, but how to advance that unactive, feeble, phlegmatick thing within me, my Faith, that, Mr. *Bays*, that was the severest mortification. For my own part, I had never made use on't before, but only to believe a Plot in a Play, an Assignment at Night, the Honesty of my Wife, the Credulity of a Cir, or the Promises of a Courtier. Well, for all I could do, (and I play'd more tricks with it I am sure, than a Fortune-teller does with a raw foolish Girl about a stoln Silver-spoon) I cou'd not prevail with it to comply with my desires, till my distemper began to abate somewhat, and then as my pain ebbed out, my Faith flowed in; so that by break of day, I had very little pain about me, but a swinging deal of Faith.

Bays. This is certainly the strangest story, I ever met with in my life, and richly deserves to find a place in the next Edition of *Clark's Mirrour, Beard's Theatre, or Wanly's Wonders of Man*.

Hains. Just as the Gentleman promis'd, within two days I was so perfectly recovered, that I fancied my self in a condition to perform feats of activity before the best Assembly in *France*, or *Italy*. I met him one Morning very early on the Deck; Signor (says he) I see your body is in plight good enough, there
needs

needs no more questions about that ; but pray inform me, in what condition do you find your Faith ? Very brave, and lusty, answered I, and in a fit tune to digest all the amazing stories in the Universe.

Bays. Stranger and stranger still, I profess.

Hains. Why then, continued he, you and I must talk about some serious points of Religion, that very nearly concern you ; I must nick you, Dear Friend of mine, in the Critical Minute, otherwise I shall be in danger of losing you. No, by no means, answer'd I, never attack me fasting while you live, I made a solemn promise to my Relations in *England*, never to meddle with Religion, till my Appetite was well gorged. After Dinner you may discourse me as long as you please.

Bays. Well, thou art a person, Mr. *Hains*, of the most singular, peculiar, and most uncommon constitution of Body in the whole world, I believe.

Hains. After we had dined, he follows me into my Cabin : Signior *Ginsippe* (says he) (for by this time he had learnt my name out) I am come to lay hold on your promise. *Imprimis*, What is your opinion of the Pope's Infallibility ? The Lord knows, said I, I have but a very indifferent opinion of it, and yet I cannot help it for the heart of me, for if I could but once arrive to be master of so much grace, as to be perswaded in that point, I'de just believe as the Pope believes, and all the business would be over.

Bays. If I had had the management of thee, Mr. *Hains*, I had as soon perswaded thee to swallow that Article, and twenty more of the same bulk, as a *Cowent-Garden* Beau makes a stragling Citizens daughter in the Park believe she's handfom, and only made for enjoyment ; or a Poet by a little glittering Eloquence in a Dedication, makes any Noble Lord about the Court, believe he's witty, and valiant, and every thing besides.

Hains. When he saw the Infallibility was too gross a Pill for me to swallow, he accosts me with another Doctrine of his Church ; that was ten times worse, I mean Transubstantiation : He then inquired of me whether I believed a Corporal, or a Virtual Presence in the Eucharist ? I told him, that the Stage having employ'd all my thoughts, I understood nothing of those things that he mentioned. Then he fell upon the Invocation of Saints, and the great benefit of Images, and began very seriously to explain 'em to me. All this while, I minded him no more than Fanatic Parson does a discourse of Charity, or Forty one ; a Courtier a Learned Harangue about Fathers and Councils, or (as you say) a Poet minds Truth in the Dedictory Epistle.

Bays. This was very rude and uncivil, I protest to you, Mr. *Hains*, to make such unhandfom returns to the Gentleman, that only design'd the saving of your precious Soul.

Hains. Seeing that this method did not meet with that success as he expected ; Signor (crys he) you were utterly spoil'd in the building, therefore I must e'en carry you to the Dock, take you to pieces, and refit you again, for at present you are a very unserviceable leaky Vessel, scarce fit for an *Algerine* to sail in. I must Man you with some thirty Catholick Tenets, that shall preserve you from being boarded by any Infidel or Protestant Privateers. I must give you the Churches Infallible Compass to steer your course by, when you have no Scripture Moon-light, or Star-light to direct you. Above all, I must furnish you with

with a new Rudder of Faith, for your old one has been all battered to pieces in the Play-house; with a good substantial Anchor of Hope, with the Sails of Contemplation, the Pump of Confession, and Pitch you and Tar you all over with the *Italian* Doctrines of Ignorance, and Obedience.

Bays. Very courteous and civil I'gad. But why, Mr. *Hains*, did you give the Gentleman all this pains and trouble?

Hains. Only to make my self a little mirth and diversion: For thus, I remember, I once kept a City Merchant, that had a Lac'd-Band which reached from shoulder to shoulder, two hours by the Clock, in one of the Coffee-houses about the Exchange, to explain the meaning of *Chevaux de frize* in a Gazette; and I shall never forget, he told me they were Horses bred in *Frize-land*, that were Bullet-proof. At another time I kept a Grocer a full quarter of an hour in the street, to tell me which was the nearest way from *Fleetstreet* to the Sun-Tavern in *Peccadille*, whether down the Strand, and so by *Charing-cross*, or through *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* and *Covent-Garden*, tho the poor fellow told me his Spouse sent him out for a Midwife, and for all I know, I made him lose an Heir Apparent to a dozen pound of Raisins, as many Silver-Spoons, *Stow's Survey* of the City, and *Speed's Chronicle*.

Bays. Well, I see you must have your frolicks, Mr. *Hains*, but pray what was the result of this affair between you?

Hains. I made very small, insensible advances into Popery, Little *Bays*, tho the Gentleman took as much pains every day to expound it to me, as a kind Keeper takes to instruct a young Country Girl of his own breeding up, in *Aretine's* Postures; or a new Author takes to teach a Dull Heavy Player the right accent of all his witty passages in his first Comedy: He was a Week, at least, before he could make me comprehend one Article and half of his Religion; and I dare swear, had the Ship, we were in, moved no faster than I did, we had continued in the *Mediterranean* to this very moment.

Bays. I shall never forgive thee for this inexcusable stupidity, Mr. *Hains*, thou art as restiff as an animal as a tired Carriers Horse, or a superannuated Matron of threescore and three.

Hains. At last, says my friend *Leandro*, being I suppose by this time fully convinced what a difficult Province he had undertaken; Signor *Giuseppe*, you and I take Articles in the Catholic Religion much after the same rate as the *Spaniards* regain their Towns in the *French* Acquisitions. I am Dog-weary of this slavish employment already, for I'd sooner engage to teach a Poet the Mathematics, or the profound mystery of keeping ready money always in his Pocket; to teach a nimble fluttering Monsieur the art of thinking, a Sea-man the rules of civility, a *Dutch-man* sobriety, an *Irish-man* good manners and discretion, an *Italian* a cure for jealousy, than to be bound to instruct you piece-meal in all the Doctrines of Holy Church.

Bays. Did he turn you over then for lost, Mr. *Hains*, when he gave you this severe Reprimand?

Hains. No, you shall hear: I have only one thing more to trust to, (continues he) and if that fails, then farewell for ever. When we come a-shore at *Malta*, I design to carry you to St. *Paul's Grotto*, where he shelter'd himself some time, after he was shipwrackt upon that Island. Unless my expectations mightily deceive

ceive me, when I have got you there; and advanced two or three convincing arguments upon you, I shall see you become a good trusty believing Catholick by wholesale.

Bays. Well, I am glad with all my heart, to see your Gentleman has his surest Cards still to play, for to say the truth, I began to despair of the Game.

Hains. As soon as we landed, my pious well-meaning Friend, before he went to pay his complements to the Grand-master, or look after any of his concerns, carries me along with him to this celebrated Grotto. This was the place, said he, (and I remember it faced the Sea-shore) which St. Paul honour'd with his presence immediately after his Shipwrack.

Bays.—— *Hanc Tharsi magnus Alumnus*
Speluncam subiit, hæc illum regia cepit.
Aude Hospes contemnere opes, & te quoq; dignum
Finge Deo——

I hope you can forgive me this sudden rapture, Mr. *Hains*, for I am all o're possessed with ecstasie, and admiration.

Hains. That Immortal Converter of the *Gentiles*, added he, during the short residence he made here, impress'd that miraculous virtue on the earth of this Cave, that it cures all manner of Tumours, and Inflammations. You your self, by comfortable experience, have found the efficacy of it, suffer your self therefore *Amico meo carissimo*, to be conquered by so irresistible an argument, and don't disdain to increase the Triumphs of this victorious *Missionaire*.

Bays. Thou hadst been a meer unpardonable Infidel if this had not prevailed upon thee. And what, did not St. Paul's earth convert thee at last?

Hains. I was going to say, Sir, I am afraid if St. Paul's Earth will bring me over to the *Roman Church*, that his Epistles will draw me out of it again. But the Gentleman reassuming his discourse; tho, says he, a hundred thousand Cartloads are every year carried out of this Cave to be distributed about in *Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Poland*, and other Catholic Countries, (for out of the precincts of the Church this Earth has no manner of operation) yet the place is neither larger, nor wider than it was sixteen centuries ago. I looked round about me, and saw, to my great astonishment, it was one of the least and lowest Grottos that I had ever seen in my life. A Box in a Tavern is capable of holding a greater number of people; half a dozen brawny, overgrown, drinking *Dutch Divines* would cram it up. So then I blush'd, hung down my head, gave the Gentleman my hand, and told him I was his most humble servant——

Bays. *Tuq; dum procedas, lo Triumphe,*
Non semel dicemus, lo Triumphe,
Civitas omnis, dabimusq; divois
Ibura benignis.

Hains. For your farther satisfaction, says he, there are a thousand worthy persons in the Island, men of Honour and Virtue, that can attest the truth of what I have communicated to you. In short, 'tis too palpable and notorious a thing to be an imposture, you your self will see a hundred evidences of it before you leave the place; and can you think then, my illustrious Signor, that the Religion of this Country (which I can assure you is only Catholick) is displeasing to Heaven, since it is daily countenanced by so continued, so palpable, so manifest

a Miracle. The *Terra Sigillata* that comes from *Stalimene*, is not to be named the same month with this ; it has converted more Infidels, and Heretics to the Church, than all the Fathers of the Society since the days of St. *Ignatius*, and by methods more gentle, more peaceable, and suited to the Spirit of Christianity.

Bays. That I must needs own. But I wonder in my heart, that we never heard or read of this Miraculous Earth in *England* before. It had been worth *K. James's* while, I am sure, to have sent all his unbelieving Peers to this Island to be transform'd here into true Mussulmen. This same business, Mr. *Hains*, sticks a little with me I confess.

Hains. Why, Mr. *Bays*, couldst thou read over, and translate, and consequently believe the History of St. *Xavier* (for otherwise why didst thou print it?) and canst thou with any face startle at my single Miracle? Oh thou Uncircumcis'd, Infidel Play-wright. This 'tis to swallow the Legend of *Garagantua*, and boggle at poor *Tom Thumb*. Thou servest thy faith just as a Merchant in Town serves a declining Tradesmen, givest it credit at first for a hundred pound, and afterwards wont trust it for a single farthing.

Bays. Don't be angry, honest Mr. *Hains*, lay aside your passion, and I promise you upon my word, I'll be guilty no more of such a trespass.

Hains. Well, said I, to the Gentleman, I heartily beg your pardon for the trouble I have given you, and render you ten thousand thanks for the double cure you have wrought upon an unworthy, graceless Foreigner. I now believe Church, and Councils; Canons, and Decrees; Pope, and Tradition, and every thing in the world besides. My future acknowledgments shall testify the sincerity of my heart. *Signor*, answered he, no more of this. Your frank confession has abundantly recompensed me for the pains I have taken. Then he informed me, into how charitable, and good natured a Church I had fled for sanctuary; acquainted me with what latitude, what elbow-room, what liberty of conscience she allow'd to poor sinners, at what easie Christian rates she offered absolution, that tho she obliged her Converts to part with a few foolish senses, yet she was never so unmerciful or Un-Lady-like to contradict the sweet dictates of Flesh and Blood, with a great many more *Arcanas* of the same importance; so that when he left me all alone in the *Grotto*, to pass an hour or two by my self in Prayer and Meditation, I fell a weeping, and crying, as hard as I could drive.

Bays. Nay, I think you'd make me weep too, Mr. *Hains*, with this pathetic, moving Narration, but that I have no moisture left me in my old decaying Tement to part with. Dear *Signor Leandro*, I shall never forget thee. But pray, Noble Comedian, tell me what occasioned you to weep so plentifully.

Hains. Not the old story of *Alexander's* sorrow, because I had no more worlds of Religion, no more *terra incognitas* to conquer, but a sad melancholly story of a Sage, and venerable Hermit.

Bays. For Charity, replied the Matron, tell
What sad mischance the Hermit sage befell:

Hains. Nay, no mischance, reply'd the savage Dame,
But too much vigour, and too fierce a flame,
And love too strong, and something else without a Name.

To make short work of my tale. This Hermit, I am discoursing of, had very honestly,

honestly, and according to the letter lived up to his Vow of Chastity, till he was near threescore years of age : Knew no more for what noble ends a woman was created, than the young ignorant *Persian* Prince in the Play ; so you may imagine he had in this time amassed together a vast prodigious stock of Love, which like ill-managed Hay that had not cocking and spreading enough, broke out at last into a flame, and threw him into a very violent burning Fever.

Bays. And no more than what he deserved, like an old penurious niggardly hunks as he was, to keep his Talent about him for so long a time useless and unemployed.

Hains. The Physicians being sent for to prescribe what medicines they thought most convenient and suitable for their Patient, after they had acquainted themselves with all the circumstances of his indisposition, they came to his bed side, and told him, there was only one way in the world for him to save his life, but that they questioned, whether a Gentleman of his nice squeamish conscience wou'd submit to follow the prescription.

Bays. Show me that man, Mr. *Hains*, that won't sacrifice all the vows and considerations in the world, rather than sacrifice the beloved principle of self-preservation, and I'll give you leave to make me your bondsman.

Hains. Sir, said they, you are a man of a sanguine jolly complexion, and ought to have consulted the interest of your own body so far, as to have drained it upon occasion, when you found nature overcharged with superfluous humours. To be plain with you, Sir, you have foolishly made a vow of chastity, and what is unpardonable in a person of your vigour, you have as foolishly observed it. There's nothing in the Universe can save you but a Woman take one into your bed, and manage her as you see fitting; you'll need no directions in the case, only follow the impulse of nature, and you may live as long as a Patriarch.

Bays. Well, commend me to such honest Doctors as these, while you live, I'll maintain it, they were in the right.

Hains. The poor Gentleman considered a while with himself what he had best do. If he followed the Doctors advice he trespassed upon his oath; and if he declin'd it, he must certainly die. At last the principle of self-preservation, as you very well observe, prevail'd upon him; so he sent for a fresh juicy Girl of fifteen to pass away the night with him. What they did together we cannot tell, for both the Greek and Latin Authors leave us in the dark as to that point. But 'tis agreed on all hands, the Nymph carried something about her that was both a *Sudorific*, and an *Opiate*; for she did first of all put the pious Hermit into a gentle sweat, and afterwards cast him into a gentler slumber.

Bays. I gad, Mr. *Hains*, it happened just as I imagined.

Hains. The next morning the Physicians came to see how matters succeeded with their Patient, and found him weeping very plentifully on his Pillow. They enquired of him then how he found himself, and whether the malignity of his distemper was abated or no; Gentlemen, said he, I took your counsel, and must needs own the prescription was very natural and easie; it has perfectly recovered my health, only I cannot chuse but weep to think what a stupid, senseless blockhead I was, to deny my self all along so sweet a satisfaction as I enjoy'd last night, and that I never had the grace to experiment the pleasure before now, when I am not in a capacity of enjoying it much longer.

Bays.

Bays. Nay, I confess the peevish old fool had occasion enough to bemoan his condition, but I don't understand, Mr. *Hains*, why the remembrance of his mis-carriage should set you a weeping.

Hains. This it is to tell a story to a man, that is not capable of making an application. If I must then be forced to make out every thing to you, I wept because I turn'd Roman Catholick no sooner.

Bays. Thanks to you for your Comment however, Mr. *Hains*, for I am as much in the dark now as I was before.

Hains. To condescend then to the weakness of your apprehension, you must know, I have broke many an honest assignation in my time, Mr. *Bays*, purely out of a principle of Conscience (would you believe it?) and because I looked upon that same business, you know what I mean, to be a very crying sin. The truth on't is, I have had my failings, and back-slidings now and then, as well as others before me; but then my Conscience certainly stared me in the face for it next morning, and put me into such a fright, that I could not recover my self in a day or two. Now the Church of *Rome*, Mr. *Bays*, utterly stifles such uncivil mortifying scruples as these, makes it at most but a venial sin, and if you go to the Confessional (where 'tis as great a pleasure for a man of a fruitful imagination to rehearse the scene, as it was almost to act it,) there's some Ecclesiastical weapon-salve always to be had, that will make you whole in a moment. Now it was this consideration, Mr. *Bays*, viz. that I was so unfortunate as to be profelyted to so kind a Church in my old age, when I was not in a condition to use her favours long, that made me consider of the poor Hermit: And both these considerations together made me weep so heartily, as I have told you.

Bays. Oh fie, Mr. *Hains*! who would expect to hear such a light unbecoming passage drop from a person of your years. I'll take care to give you such a temptation no more; now prithee what didst thou do at *Malta* after thy conversion?

Hains. To show my self a true obedient Son of the Church, and that I understood the privileges of my place, I immediately entred into a pious intreague with the Grand Master's Mistress, as I have already acquainted you.

Bays. And didst thou lie with her at last, Noble Comedian? where I pray, and how often?

Hains. Oh! you'd take care to give me such temptations no more. Thank you, Mr. *Bays*, for that I faith, I don't use to tell tales out of School — Shortly after this, our Ambassador dying, Sir *William S—ms* by name, I lost the long-expected opportunity of seeing *Constantinople*, that I had so earnestly desired.

Bays. Prithee what great advantages could you propose to your self, Mr. *Hains*, by going thither?

Hains. I had read among some of my authors, that a celebrated Musician and Poet of *Thrace*, his name was *Orpheus*, formerly danced his savage countrymen into good Manners, and Religion. Now I was in hopes of doing much the same feats as my *Thracian* predecessor did; that is, of dancing the Grand Signor and his Divan out of their old brutality and nonsense, into the Christian persuasion. Or, if that device fail'd, I desired to mutter some exceptions against the *Alcoran* amongst the Women of my acquaintance there, and at the same time to make some new plausible Glosses and Comments upon their Law, which would have certainly rais'd a Schism in their Churches at long run.

Bays. That would have done very well, I confess, for I know, Mr. *Hains*, you love mischief with all your heart. But where did you steer your course after this unlucky disappointment?

Hains. I took the first opportunity was offer'd me, to ship my self for *Italy*. The first Port we touched at, was *Leghorn*, where I desired to be set ashore. From thence I took a journey to *Florence*, to renew my acquaintance with the Great Duke, whom I had the happiness to know formerly in *England*. He received me with that address and magnificence, which is peculiar to the *Italian* Princes, made me Operator (as I may so say it) in the *English* tongue to his Son, allowed me a Coach and six, and to maintain all this grandeur, besides his private largesses, assigned me fifty Crowns a month duly out of his treasury.

Bays. Well, thou art a fortunate fellow, that's certain. At the same time, Mr. *Hains*, was I a drudging at controversy here in *England*, and writing for the Cause; yet none of these blessings lighted upon me.

Hains. Some time after this, I begged leave of the Duke to go and visit the *Limina Apostolorum* at *Rome*, and satisfy my self with the curiosities of that ancient City. He granted my request, and sent me thither with all my above-mentioned splendor, and gallantry, with abundance of recommendations to Cardinals, Princes, and most of the eminent, considerable persons in and about the Town.

Bays. If you were not my friend, Mr. *Hains*, I could envy you for all this happiness.

Hains. It happened just at my arrival to *Rome*, that a certain *English* Peer, who is now in durance, changed his Religion, and designed the week following to make a solemn abjuration of it in the Pope's Chappel. Hearing of my conversion, he desired me to bear him company in the Ceremony, and assured me, he'd take it for a particular favour. I soon consented; because I had not as yet renounced my former Heresie in publick. So on the day appoiated, my Lord having a large Wax Taper in his hand, stuck all o'er with Diamonds in honour of the Virgin *Mary*, knocked at the Chappel door for admittance, which was readily granted. After him comes Mr. *Joseph Hains*, the Comedian, with little devotion in his looks, and a less Farthing Candle in his hand, of about some twenty four to the pound, and nothing near so thick as an ordinary Tobacco-pipe.

Bays. How, Mr. *Hains*? Did you design to affront 'em then in their own quarters?

Hains. Pray Sir listen. I knocked at the Chappel door, but the fellow judging the merits of my Piety by the merits of my Candle, as 'tis generally the way in *Italy*, refused to let me in. Then I rapped at the door again, and as loud I gad as a blustering Seaman's Widdow at the Navy-Office; or a bilked Client at a sleepy Lawyer's Chamber at the Temple. At last, through the intercession of my Noble Companion, who told 'em plainly, he'd abjure nothing without me, they condescended to admit me into the Chappel, but first demanded, why I brought along with me so small a Candle.

Bays. I expect to hear what answer you could make 'em.

Hains. Says one of them, who seem'd to be the principal man amongst 'em, *ex Candela tua judicaberis*, and quoted St. *Cyprian* for the saying; for a Candle, continued he, is an infallible testimony of a man's devotion, the whiteness of the colour

colour shews the purity of the heart, as the bigness of the light shews the bigness of the illumination within, and therefore a great deal of devotion can no more find its way without a great Candle, than a great Ship can sail without a great Mast. He had run on, I believe, in a speech an hour long about the excellency and virtue of great Candles, but that I interrupted him, and said, Sir, all this I acknowledge to be true. I design'd you no affront or disrespect; what I have done, proceeds only from a principle of humility, and a true sense of my own meanness; that the exiguity (if I may so call it, my most reverend Father) of the Oblation might bear a just proportion to the exiguity of the Offerer.

Bays. That excuse, I suppose, atton'd for you Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. At this he relented somewhat; and so we proceeded to the business in hand, where we abjur'd *Lutheranism*, and *Calvinism*, and *Zuinglianism*, and every *Is'm*, in the World, as I know of, except *Chri'sm* and *Paganism*. But I remember, the good natured Priest, that rail'd me so severely about my Farthing-Offering, made me abjure small Candles into the bargain, as well as Heresie: For, says he, we have a proverb at *Rome*, that a little Faith, and a little Candle are always tallies one to another.

Bays. But prithee, Mr. *Hains*, (for I know you to be a sagacious discreet person) give me your opinion of *Rome*; how do you like the Ceremonies and Customs of it? did not the Religion of the place strike a wonderful awe and terror into thee?

Hains. To say the truth, Mr. *Bays*, I like the Women, the Painting, the Musick, and the Company one meets there, well enough; and the Religion too, provided you give it another name, call it *Acting*, or *shewing*, or *rehearsing*, or *playing*; and not Religion.

Bays. What mean you by this Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. I find, Poet *Squob*, I must take the same Method with you, as your Country Parsons do with a dull heavy Parishioner, and help the weakness of your apprehension with a simile. At an Inn in a small Village in *Italy* I asked my Landlord, whether they had a Barber in the Town. *Ay Sir*, says he, *we have got a Carpenter*. A Carpenter? answered I, what do you mean? I have no great occasion at present to have my Head chopp'd off, my Beard will serve the turn. *Sir*, cries the Inn-keeper, *he follows the calling of a Barber, but was originally a Carpenter*. In short, (as our learned Priest has distinguished upon him) by profession he's a Carpenter, but a Barber by vacation.

Bays. Very well, and did you send for him?

Hains. The fellow came, and began to fall briskly about his work, but put me to so much pain, that I was forced to desire him to forbear. *Stop Friend*, let me ask you one civil question before you proceed any further. Do you call this *Flaying* or *Shaving*? If you call it *Flaying* 'tis pretty tollerable. But if you call it *Shaving*, why then, my Friend, 'tis the Devil all over. Even so Little *Bays*.

Bays. Even so, Little Count.

Hains. If you call the Religion of *Rome* acting, or showing, or rehearsing, or any thing of that nature, 'tis well enough: But if you call it Religion, Mr. *Bays*. I don't know what to say to it. But you know my Talent lies another way, the greatest Correspondence I kept there, was amongst the Ladies, and I must needs own they are the most Courteous, Affable, Condescending Creatures in the whole World.

Bays.

Bays. Pfaith, dear Rogue, we were told here in *England*, that you had an Amour with the Queen of *Sweden*. Come, we are amongst our selves, and you may confesse the truth without any danger; didst thou ever pass a Night or so with her Majesty, Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. Oh strange, Mr. *Bays*! I thought you had not forgot the old saying, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Indeed, there passed a kind of a civil commerce between her Majesty and my self. I have some forty *Billet doux* of her own hand-writing still by me at home, besides a Gold Medal, and two or three other small Tokens of her kindness, which I wou'd not part with for all the World. But I wonder, Mr. *Bays*, that a man of your character and gravity, wou'd put such an uncivil question to your Friend: Nay, they reported here in Town, that I lay with the late Pope, and half the Cardinals, but neither I nor you, Mr. *Bays*, can stop the peoples mouths if they have a mind to talk. They say it is their Birth-right, and property, and they won't part with it.

Bays. I have experienced that truth in my time, as well as your self, Mr. *Hains*, and I could give you several melancholly instances of it, if I pleas'd. But leaving the censorious world to it self, if you have any diverting story to impart to your humble servant, prithee communicate it.

Hains. Ay, with all my Heart, Mr. *Bays*, and I'll chuse you out one; that shall serve to acquaint you once for all, how obliging the Females, in that Sunny part of the Globe generally are. One Afternoon as I was walking from my Lodging, to pay a visit to the Embassadour, I chanced to see a very pretty Woman in a Booksellers Shop. Having no extraordinary business upon my hands at that time, I thought it not amiss to trifle away an hour or two in civil conversation with her.

Bays. Very good.

Hains. So I stept into the Shop, sending my company away before me, amongst whom was a certain young Gentleman that I suppose you may know, for he has writ a very pretty Latin Copy of Verses upon *Arlington Gardens*; and to colour the matter, asked her; Madam, pray have you got Signor *Palladio's* Book of Architecture? 'Tis a thick Quarto, printed at *Bologna*.

Bays. Well, for the contrivance, and good management of a design, thou hast not thy fellow; but pray go on.

Hains. Sir, said she, my Husband is not in Town, he's gone as far as *Frescati* to take a little Country Air. Madam, said I again, I have no manner of business with your Husband, I know him not; but pray Madam have you got Signor *Palladio's* Book in your shop that I enquir'd for. Sir, says she, upon my word he's dangerously overgone with a Consumption, and all the Doctors in Town despair of his recovery.

Bays. This Lady, Mr. *Hains*, as far as I can conjecture, had a mind to play at cross purposes with you.

Hains. No, no, she had a mind to play at something else, as you'll perceive by and by; but that's your mistake now, as well as it was mine. I made bold to enquire for the book once more of her Ladyship, and she told me she had it in the shop, then pointed with her hand to the place where it was, and bad me reach it down.

Bays. Nay, now I cannot imagine where the business will end for the heart of me.

Hains.

Hains. To save my self the trouble, seeing a boy in the shop, I spoke to 'him to take it down for me. When presently the Lady pulling her Snuff-box out of her Pocket, *Pietro*, says she, go carry my Snuff-box to Signor *Orfino's* (and he lived about a mile off on the other side the water) and desire him to fill it with the best snuff he has. When the Boy was gone —

Bays. Ay, when the Boy was gone, Mr. *Hains*, what follow'd then?

Hains. Prithee don't be too hasty, Mr. *Bays*. Sir, says she, this Signor *Orfino* sells the best snuff in *Rome*, without disparagement to any one else. All the *Grandeess*, and persons of good condition about the Town buy of him, and I fancy, Sir, you as well as all other well-bred ingenious Gentlemen, are a great admirer of snuff.

Bays. But what became of your book all this while?

Hains. After her little chat about Snuff was over, I asked her again for the book. Sir, says she, you may reach it down, if you please to give your-self that trouble. Then I inquir'd the price of it, and she told me, that her Husband about a Week before he went into the Country, had at her request (for she did not pretend to understand the mystery of her trade) written down the lowest price of every book in the wast leaf before the Title page. I told her, 'twas just three-Crowns, and tender'd her the Money on the Counter.

Bays. Well, prithee dispatch your story, for it begins to be tedious.

Hains. She gave me my Money back again, and taking me by the hand, Sir, says she, the book is at your service; 'tis our fashion here in *Rome* to present a stranger with a trifle of this nature, to engage him to be a Customer to us. I thanked the Lady very heartily, and told her I was going to the English Embassadours, and so cou'd not conveniently carry the book away with me at that time, only desired her to lay it up safely for me, till I should call for it as I came that way again.

Bays. So, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. Lay it up for you, cries the Lady: Come, Sir, you shall see how carefully I'll dispose of it. With that, she pulls me by the hand after her, runs up stairs into her Bed-Chamber, and lays the book directly under her Pillow.

Bays. Now I'gad, the Plot begins to thicken, with a witness.

Hains. With no witness you shou'd have said, Mr. *Bays*. I then laid the Ladies Head upon the Pillow, and when I had so done, I ran down the stairs as hard as ever I could drive.

Bays. No, no, you did not Mr. *Hains*, you are a man of too much good breeding I am sure, to leave a fair Lady in the lurch; you and she, I don't question between you, laid a foundation for something upon your famous Book of Architecture. But my noble Comedian, what said she to you at parting?

Hains. Thou art my singular good Friend, Dear *Squob*, and I can deny thee nothing. Signor *Ginseppe*, says she, (for you may imagine by this time we grew pretty intimate) you *Tramontani* are the most indocible, stupid, unthinking, undivining animals in the whole world. A Lady takes as much pains to make you comprehend her meaning, as a Creditor, when he tells you a lamentable story of his Wife, and five Children, to make you understand he wants a little of your Money; and tho we make the matter never so obvious, yet you stand gaping and staring, as if we were discoursing to you in *Arabic* all the while.

In

In fine, I'd rather undertake the Penance of making a meer dos'd Philosopher understand his own nonsense, than one of your Phlegmatick Gentlemen beyond the Hills understand a Ladies virtuous thought at first sight.

Bays. Nay, the reproach was just and pertinent enough in all conscience; for aman of Gallantry, like your true well-bred Spaniel ought to fall upon the Game with a wink or a nod, without giving his Master the trouble of crying out to him. But under favour, Mr. *Hains*, these noble frolicks of yours I am afraid made fine work at the Confessional.

Hains. Troth, Mr. *Bays*, I never understood the great virtue or necessity of that Pagan institution, unless it were, that the Priests (a pox take 'um) should know where the greatest Fornication and Adultery in the Kingdom was stirring, and who were the ablest dealers. But this way of proceeding, as I take it, utterly discourages Trade, and ruins the growth of those noble Manufactures. As for my self, I bless my Stars, I took wiser methods in that case, than the rest of Mankind generally do, and instead of making it a punishment to my self, so contrived the matter, as to make it ten times a greater plague to my Confessor.

Bays. Prithee tell me how, honest Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. Why, sometimes I wou'd, go you to the Confessional, and pretending a great deal of simplicity, banter the old Gentleman with such a story as this: Reverend Father, I had a horrible dream last Night about the Cham of *Tartary*, and the great *Megal*. What was it, Son, cries he? I dreamt that those two puissant Monarchs laid their Heads together to ruine and undermine the Christian Religion, and that in order thereunto, they designed to send a huge overgrown two-handed Elephant to *Rome*, under a pretence of showing his Tricks at a Fair, but that the real design was to corrupt Mr. *Schellfrat* the Pope's Library-keeper, to put the Vatican on his back, some dark night or other, and so to bilk his Lodgings, march away with all the Books and Registers in the Library, and leave us in everlasting confusions. Therefore, dear Sir, I would desire you of all loves to go immediately to the Consistory, and acquaint them with my dream, that they may take Mr. *Schellfrat* into Custody, and to prevent such a Tragical, Unchristian design from taking effect, place a continual Guard of Souldiers about the Vatican.

Bays. This was the right way indeed, to torment your spiritual Director, but did you always serve him thus?

Hains. No, dear Squob, for I shifted the Scene every month at least. At another time I wou'd think of all the lewd, dismal, wicked things in the world, and discharge them into his bosom. I would tell him that such a Night I lay with such a Princess, the next with such a Countess, the third with such a Noblemans Lady or Daughter; then name the time, the place, the posture, and every circumstance. As for example, sometimes we did it on a Bed, sometimes under a Haycock, sometimes on a Couch, and sometimes on a Chair, with the back turned to the Wall, and all the while I trembled like a repeating School-boy on a *Friday*, or a new Member at his first haranguing about the Liberty of the Subject, in the House; till the poor Priest at the bare recital of these Romantick adventures, looked as pale as a Hypochondriack believer of Phantoms, with reading a story or two out of the *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, or a fro-

licksom set of Porters in a dark Cellar, by the melancholy light of burnt Brandy.

Bays. Thou art an Original in thy kind, upon my word, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. After I have amused him enough with this kind of Ribaldry, to close up all, Sir, says I, there still lies upon my Conscience something which I have not yet discovered to you, but is of so sinful, and tremendous and transcendent a nature, that I dare scarce utter it, as wicked as I am. Now the blundering Confessor expects to hear of a Nun ravished on an Altar, a Pix plunder'd of the Wafer, or some such dreadful passage as that. But, Sir, says I, to undeceive him, last Wednesday I stole a consecrated Bell from one of St. *Anthony's* Pigs, and coyn'd it into Copper Farthings. Such a day, Sir, I pinn'd a Foxes Tail on a Monks Cowl, or for want of a better convenience, I pist into the Holy-water-Pot, or untruss'd on Consecrated Ground. Sunday was a fortnight, Sir, between the hours of four and five, as I was walking through such an Ally, I pass'd by an Old civil Gentlewoman, sitting in her Elbow-Chair by the door, and very devoutly reading *The Spiritual Carduus posset for a sinners Belly-ake*, and I like a graceless rascal as I was, stole away her Spectacles from her venerable Red Nose, and have since converted 'em to the profane use of Lighting my Tobacco by the Sun-shine.

Bays. Ha! Ha! Ha! honest Mr. *Hains*, I shall most infallibly spoil my self with laughing at these pleasant conceits. But did you never acquaint your Ecclesiastical Dragoman with any of your true intreagues, your true Mistresses names.

Hains. No, have a care of that, Dear *Squab*, ever whilst you live, I don't love to have my game beat up by a stranger, or be disturbed in my own quarters. Trust a Priest with your Mistresses name; Trust a Parliament-man with a design against *Magna-Charta*, or the Ribbon-Weavers with an invention to promote the Woollen Manufacture, trust your Estate with a Lawyer, or your good name with a dealer in Lampoons.

Bays. But, my Noble Comedian, how came you to escape a good round swinging Pennance now and then for your frolics; methinks if I had the management of thee, I should soon make thee weary of these extravagancies.

Hains. Why I heartily thank 'em, out of their abundant zeal and charity sometimes they prescribe me a hundred *Pater Nosters* a day, that go down just like so many hundred ounces of chopt Hay with me, and no better. I am too old I faith now, to say a hundred *Pater Nosters* in a day for any Priest in Christendom; tho if a man submitted to the performance, the punishment were not very great, for the trouble lies, like in your making of Rhymes, Mr. *Bays*, more in the fingers, than the head.

Bays. Nay, now I lay aside all hopes of ever taming you.

Hains. Sometimes they advise me, Mr. *Bays*, to subdue and mortifie my wicked body with a Discipline, but as wicked as it is, I see no reason why my Body should suffer for the transgression of my Soul. Sometimes they recommend fasting to me for a very wholsom thing, but alas! fasting never agreed with my constitution. Once indeed, and never but once, I was sent on a Pilgrimage barefoot to *Loretto*, but such a penance as that, is a meer pastime, and nothing else, to a man that knows how to sanctifie an Affliction.

Bays. Sanctifie an Affliction! What mean you by that, Mr. *Hains*

Hains. Why, to make the best of a bad market, to view only the comfortable side of a thing, and pass it off with a jest, and a fit of laughter. And thus I remember,

member, I relieved my Taylor at *Rome*, when he was ready to sink under the weight of a certain heavy misfortune. He came to my Lodgings one morning, and in a very doleful tone told me he was undone. In the name of theft, and petty Larceny, said I to him, what's the matter? *Sir*, said he, *some three nights ago being got in my stilts, and all that. You stilts you Rogue, and all that, leave your canting, and tell me what you mean. An't please you, Sir, crys the Taylor, having got drunk, I took up with a common Wench in the streets, and have met with a Clap. Is that all, you Son of a Bodkin and Thimble you, to make all this noise and pothe about? Down upon your Marrow-bones, you Rascal, say your Prayers, and bless Providence for your good luck, for now you'll piss Needles for nothing.*

Bays. And did the fellow then take this drollery of yours in good part?

Hains. Take it in good part, little *Bays*? Why he fell a grinning immediately upon it, and looked fifty per Cent. better, than when he first came into the room. Nay, he was so far pleased with the quibble, that he asked my advice very soberly, whether he had best cure himself, or let his distemper run upon him. For, *Sir*, said he, very prudently in the case, after I have once cured myself, *Sir*, the jest will be quite spoild.

Bays. But prithee tell me, *Mr. Hains*, what remedies you us'd to make your *Loretto-Pilgrimage* easie, and diverting to you.

Hains. Provided you'll never steal 'em from me, I will. Sometimes, *Mr. Bays*, when I overtook a Covey of young silly Country Girls upon the road, I set up for a Fortune-teller; and talked of the Planets, and twelve Houses, and pretended I was a person of great skill and dexterity in that mysterious Science. Presently all of 'em were mightily inquisitive to know their Fortunes. Dear Conjuror, crys one, for God's sake tell me what kind of a Husband am I to have? Why, says I, staring her full in the face, and squeezing her by the hand, he has red hair, and his Name is *Beshamel*. Dear Conjuror, says another, can you tell me when my jealous Mother-in-Law will go the way of all flesh? 'Tis impossible, answered I, for *Errapater* himself, if he were alive, to resolve such a question as this, unless he knew the party; besides, to satisfie you once for all, I never meddle with such matters; the Stars that I have to deal with, have nothing at all to do with Church-yards or Burials. Marriages, you know, are all made in Heaven, and a man of Art may as plainly read 'em there, as his A, B, C. If you please to consult me in that affair, I am at your service.

Bays. Very pretty I protest.

Hains. I had no sooner spoke the words, but a pretty blushing Damsel plucked me by the sleeve, and told me she had something to communicate, but did not care to let her Companions hear it. When they were at some distance, worthy *Sir*, says she, I have two Suitors of the same Age and fortune, that daily press to Marry, and I don't know which of them to chuse for the heart of me; sometimes I love one best, and the next hour I love the other best. Could you advise me, Dear Conjuror, what to do in this perplexity.

Bays. And what answer did the seven Planets return to this profound question?

Hains. Sweet heart, said I, this is a very nice business, but however, I'll put you in a certain way, how to make your choice to the best advantage. You must rise every morning precisely at four, and go to your window in your Smock; then you must bow towards the East twelve times exactly, and no more; afterwards turn to the West, and bow six times. This you must do for the space of fifteen

fifteen days without fail; during which time you are not to speak one syllable to either of your Lovers. You must likewise all this while wash your hands and face four times a day, and dress and undress your self as often.

Bays. I wonder how thou couldst banter a poor innocent creature so?

Hains. When the time is expired, place a Candle just in the middle of your Bed-chamber, and that exactly about two in the morning; then take your Lovers Names written in two several pieces of Paper, and standing with your face towards the Chimney, throw them over your left shoulder: Afterwards prostrate your self upon the ground, and repeat twenty *Ave Marias*: Him, whose Name lights next the Candle you must Marry, but be sure you tie him fast the Sunday following; you'll have a dozen Children by him, that I can tell you for your comfort, and one of them will live to be a Cardinal.

Bays. But what other diversions did you meet upon the way, Noble Count?

Hains. Sometimes it was my fortune to meet a fullen herd of Religious Coxcombs, that would be wrangling as heartily about the priority of their Countrymen in the Almanac, as two young sober Sparks of each University, use to dispute about the merits of the Theatre, and Kings College-Chappel. I remember, I once encountered a *Millanese* and a *Frenchman* very zealously engaged in such a dispute. One stood up for *St. Carlo*, the other vindicated *St. Francis de Sales*. When they were pretty well warm'd with the Controversie, and some angry words had passed between them—

Bays. And that was no small satisfaction to a person of thy temper, Mr. *Hains*.

Hains. I took my *Milanese* aside, and told him; *may the Indignation of St. Carlo light heavily upon thee, if thou dost not revenge his quarrel*. Then wheeling about to the dapper *Frenchman*, I whisper'd him in the Ear, *Stand up for St. Francis whatever you do, don't see him affronted; he'll remember you for't another day*. With that the Noble Champions, without any more ceremony, fell to fisticuffs; and battered and tore one anothers Countenances very furiously.

Bays. To thy great comfort, no question, on't.

Hains. When they had spilt blood enough in all conscience about so meritorious a quarrel, I interposed between 'em; as in duty bound, and said to them, *Come, Gentlemen, you have done enough for your two Friends they'll reward you for it without question in the next world; let me have the honour to reconcile you now, and at the next Tavern you shall shake hands over a bottle of Wine and be Friends*. And thus, Mr. *Bays*, I had the good fortune to engage some two and fifty pair of Pious Combatants, in my Pilgrimage to *Loretto*.

Bays. Nay, as you ordered matters, Mr. *Hains*, the Pilgrimage carried but very little Penance with it.

Hains. One remarkable passage happened in my way thither, which I cannot chuse but relate to you, 'tis so very comical and diverting. Going through a certain Country Village, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning I step into the Church, as they were just going to act the Decollation of the Baptist.

Bays. How happen'd that, prithee?

Hains. You must know it was *St. John's* day, and the sober devout people of the Parish, had built a Stage of Deal Boards in the Body of the Church, for the better convenience of representing the Tragedy. It was my good luck to come, in, just as they were beginning the show. There was an ill-looking surly Butcher

they had pitched upon to act *Herod's* part, he had a gilt Past-board Crown upon his Head, that glittered finely by the Candle-light; and as soon as he had seated himself in an old venerable Wicker-chair, that serv'd him for his Throne, the Fiddles struck up, and the Damosel began to shake her Heels.

Bays. With the help of a little imagination, My Noble Comedian, thou couldst fancy thy self then in a Booth at *Smith-field*, or *Sturbridge Fair*.

Hains. After the Dance was over, King *Herod* with a great deal of Majesty came to the Damosel, and in the following Rhymes (which the Curate of the Parish compos'd upon that occasion, and I have since translated) thus complemented her;

*Well hast thou danc'd Illustrious Maid,
I like thy graceful motion;
Ask what thou wilt, and by my Soul
'Tis all at thy devotion.*

Then the Young Girl went and whispered her Mother *Herodias* in the ear. After they had concerted the matter between 'em, she fell down upon her Marrow-bones, and pointing at an old grave Farmer that represented the Baptist, she thus delivered her self.

*If Sir, you speak your real sense,
And don't your Hand-maid flatter,
I humbly beg upon my knees,
The Baptist in a Platter.*

The Butcher looked about him as sternly as one of his *White-Chappel* Brethren, or as one of *Elkanah's* passionate blustering Hero's; and taking a turn or two about the Stage, to vent his Royal choler, made this answer.

*Fair cruel Maid recalh your wish,
Or let me break you of it,
I'd rather abdicate my Crown;
Than sacrifice my Prophet.*

The Young Girl continued still in her Petition, according to her Mothers advice, who sometimes winked, sometimes held up her hand, and sometimes nodded at her.

*If thus, Dread Sir, you break your vows,
The Ladies will forswear you;
Or should they still your favours court,
Faith I'll ne'er dance before you.*

That reflexion touch'd the Butcher to the Quick, you may suppose; so he bit his Thumbs, and paus'd a while; but recollecting himself at last, and being inform'd what the Casuists use to say in those matters, he made this defence,

*Forswearing is a weak pretence,
O never, never speak it:
A wicked Oath, like Six-pence crackt
Keep not, but rather break it.*

Not to be tedious in my story, Mr. *Bays*, when the Butcher, or King *Herod*, call him which you please, found that the Damosel was inflexible; he was forced to consent to his decollation; at pronouncing of which sentence there were more weeping eyes in the Church, than there were at the first acting of Mr. *Lee's* Protestant Play, *The Massacre of Paris*. But however, to make the Baptist amends,

amends, these civil people suffered his representative, the honest Farmer, to dye with all the punctilio's and decency of a good Christian; so he went very demurely to a fat tun-bellied Priest that stood in a corner of the Stage, and confessed his sins to him.

Bays. That was ridiculous enough I must own, but prithee how ended the Farce?

Hains. What followed was ten times worse, for the two Souldiers that had executed him in Effigie, ran up and down the Church, raving and crying like mad-men; at last they threw themselves down at the Confessional, with looks full of sorrow and contrition; aggravating the cruelty of that barbarous murder, and humbly requested their Spiritual Guide to assign 'em some remarkable pittance for the expiation of their horrid guilt. So the Priest e'en took 'em at their words, order'd 'em to go bare-foot to *Loretto*, and I had the honour of their company thither all the rest of the way.

Bays. Well, and what observable passages did you see at *Loretto*?

Hains. Why, I saw a Million of pious, Lunatic Fools there, of all Ages, Sexes, and Countries, and if begging of *Idiots* were the fashion of *Italy*, I had made my fortune for ever. There I saw the Celebrated Cell, that they say has travelled so many Leagues in the Air; and the famous *Madona* of *St. Luke*, who has Pictured the Virgin like a *Black-Moor*. At the *Annunciata* in *Florence* they show you a Picture of her drawn by an Angel, but tis meer vile daubing like this at *Loretto*; so for my part, *Mr. Bays*, I am as much prejudiced against any Painting thats said to be done by an Angel or an Evangelist, as I am against a Book that is said to be written by a person of Quality in the Title-page. After I had stared about me for some two or three days, and viewed all the rarities of the place; with half a dozen honest Female Pilgrims in my company, I set forward for *Florence*, and on the way thought of a certain famous story in *Sir Henry Blunts Travels*.

Bays. What was that *Mr. Hains*?

Hains. He tells you, when he was at *Constantinople*, he saw a Turkish Priest sell one of his believing Chapmen the merits of two years living in a Hermitage, for a Bushel of Rice, and as much *English* Cloath, as wou'd serve to make a *Fanizaries* Coat: Nay, would you believe it *Mr. Bays*? the honest *Mahometan* Theologue threw a Pilgrimage to *Meccha* into the bargain. This was fair play for you now, *Poet Squob*, was it not? And if the Catholic Priests would but use the same civility toward their customers, it would prevent all this beating of the Hoof to *Loreito*, and save as much Leather of Pilgrims Toes in a year, as would, serve to bind both the Polyglott, and the Councils.

Bays. Dear Comedian, let me conjure thee to make none of these vile reflections for thou art as full of 'em as a new Author is of his Similies, on an *Irishman* of his *Iniskilling* Miracles. But if you please pursue the History of your Travels.

Hains. After I had glutted my self with *Florence*, I humbly requested the Great Duke to give me leave to come for *England*, not at all questioning to meet with considerable preferment there, partly for the merits of my conversion, and partly for the Letters of Commendation, which I brought along with me from Princes, and Dukes, and Cardinals, and Abbots, and the Devil and all of good quality. But Alas! *Mr. Bays*, I found my self exceedingly mistaken; I could not prevail with one single creature at Court to believe a Syllable of my Conversion, and pass'd as unregarded every where, as a broken Projector, a fall'n States man; or a begging Scholar.

Bays.

Bays. Nay, you, and I *Mr. Hains*, may shake hands as for this particular; I have writ for the Church, and Translated for the Church, and flatter'd for the Church, and Libell'd for the Church, nay I have own'd my self in Print a Rogue, a graceless Rogue for the Church; and yet, *Mr. Hains*, the Church never considered me.

Hains. When I came into any company at Court; *Mr. Hains*, says one, how do you like the Plays, and *Opera's* in *Italy*? *Mr. Hains*, says another what think you of their Harlequin and Scaramouch? But not a word of, *Mr. Hains*, how do you like their Sermons, and Religious exercises, or *Mr. Hains* what think you of the Pope, and Cardinals.

Bays. At the same time, that I did all these considerable services for the Church, the other party that I deserted, were continually on my bones. They baited my *Hind* and *Panther* with a City Mouse and a Country Mouse, and were so malicious to my noble Beasts as to surprize 'em napping, and so the two Mice got the victory. Another nameless Scribler dated my Conversion in a Brandy Shop, and hired two unmerciful Bullies of the Town, *Mr. Crites*, and *Mr. Eugenius*, to toss me in a Blanket from *Greenwich* to *London*, and afterwards from *St. James's Park* to *Wills Coffee-house*.

Hains. But this was not all: crys one, *Mr. Hains*, when will you send Cardinal *Howard* the four Half-Crowns you borrow'd of him; crys another, *Mr. Hains*, when do you think of returning the Pope, the Riding-Coat and Tobacco-box he lent you. Fye for shame, *Mr. Hains*, crys a third, that you would pawn the Queen of *Sweden's* Guitarr at a *Bordello*; and run away with that little *English* you had been teaching the Prince of *Tuscany* two years? In short, there was never a Prince, or Duke, or Lord in *Italy*, but they said, I plunder'd him of a Watch, a Snuff-box, or a Tooth-picker.

Bays. That was very severe indeed, Brother *Hains*.

Hains. What vexed me most was, that the very Cits put their affronts upon me: Just after the revolution, when there were strict orders issued out to search the houses of Papists, or reputed Papists; do you mind me, brother *Bays*, I met the Constable with his guard of Myrmidons about him in the street, some two or three doors from my own house: Good morrow, *Mr. Constable*, said I, what mighty business are you going upon this morning? I am going to search the *Roman Catholic's* houses for Arms, answer'd he. I am very glad I saith then I met you so luckily, said I, for you shall go immediately with me, and search my house. Search your House, *Mr. Hains*? For what I prithee? Why dont you know, said I, that I am a Papist, *Mr. Constable*? Pray, *Mr. Hains*, said he, let me go about my business, and don't disturb me. Why I have seen the Pope man, and lived these two years in *Italy*. No matter for that, *Mr. Hains*, I know you well enough. I have din'd a hundred times with Cardinal *Howard*, and at the *Jesuits College*. I can't help it, *Mr. Hains*, but pray don't be troublesome. Why don't you take me for a Papist, *Mr. Constable*? Lord, *Mr. Hains*, why will you banter one so, and make me lose time here. At last, *Mr. Bays*, this uncivil, unmannerly, unbelieving beast of a Constable, gave me a bottle of Wine at the Tavern to trouble him no more about this business.

Bays. My own case, I gad, *Mr. Hains*.

Hains. Lord! I thought I with my self, what a degenerate, profligate, scandalous Age do we live in, that I cannot pass for a Papist, or at least for a reputed Papist?

Bays. I have the very same complaint to make, if you knew all, brother *Hains*; nay, the Rabble would not do me that Christian favour as to break my Windows

Hains. I then resolv'd to go to an honest Justice of my acquaintance, that lives at the other end of the Town—

Bays. What, to get a Warrant, brother *Hains*, for that Infidel of a Constable that used you so scurvily?

Hains. No, Mr. *Bays*, to discourse the point with him soberly, and know what advice he could give me upon the matter. When I had opened my case to him, and—

Bays. Told him, I suppose, what a base trick the Constable served you.

Hains. The Devil take the Constable for me, how he runs in thy head. Really, says he, Mr. *Hains*, your case is extremely mortifying and sad; 'tis, as I take it, a very lamentable afflicting case: Should you abjure all Religion, Mr. *Hains*, why then you would have the same reputation in the World still, as you have at present; now to revenge your self upon the World, you must be of one Religion, or other, that's certain.

Bays. Very well.

Hains. Considering the present circumstances of affairs, says he, I am of opinion the Protestant Religion will serve you the best of any, and considering you are a Poet, Mr. *Hains*, I shall only make use of two arguments to reduce you to it: The first is Interest, which a Poet ought always principally to mind; now the Protestant Religion, Mr. *Hains*, will qualify you again for the Playhouse, or for the Guards, or for any other employment about the City. The second is the Fashion, which a Poet likewise ought to observe as religiously, as he does his Interest. These two points, Mr. *Hains*, (for I wont urge any more upon you) I shall leave you to consider, while I am taking a turn or two in the Garden, and then expect your answer.

Bays. And prithee what was it, Mr. *Hains*?

Hains. When the Justice came into his Parlour, I told him, Sir, I have carefully and deliberately consider'd your two Arguments, and I find by my pulse, that one of them would have served the turn. If you'll please now to give me the Oaths, you'll oblige me for ever. He did so, and with in a fortnight after I testified my Re-conversion in a Prologue publickly on the Theatre.

Bays. Oh thou pusillanimous, abject, little creature! Thou second part of Renegado *Slater*, how I despise and laugh at thee? You see I keep up to my principles still; so farewell my Re-converted Comedian.

Hains. Nay, brother *Bays*, don't be so hasty. I don't question but to reduce you with the Justice's two Arguments before we go. First of all, set the fear of Interest before your eyes, you have been as true to that principle, I am sure, as a City Usurer to his wicked principle of not lending.

Bays. No matter for that, Sir, I have sacrificed that principle long ago.

Hains. Secondly, consider the Fashion, Mr. *Bays*, which thy say you have dutifully followed in all the turnings, and windings of the Government, from your Panegyrick upon *Oliver Cromwell*, down to your Panegyrick upon the Prince of Wales.

Bays. I am too far stricken in years to follow the foolish fashions.

Hains. If this wont do, Mr. *Bays*, consider your family.

Bays. That's nothing to you, Sir, my Family may shift for themselves.

Hains. Come, I know what sticks with thee, Poet *Squob*, thou art afraid of turning again, lest the Censorious World should laugh at thee for it; 'twill be but

but two or three days wonder at farthest. A Lampoon, a Ballad, a Dialogue, or so, and what's that, thou art inured to those things, Mr. *Bays*.

Bays. No, Sir, you lose your labour.

Hains. Tis but leaving *Will's* Coffee-house for two or three days, and then saying, that Mr. *Baxters* Winding-sheet of Popery has opened thy eye-sight. Besides, who knows but some noble Peer or other, may restore thee to thy Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royals place again, upon thy Re-conversion, and you need fear no drubbing in this case; consider of that, Mr. *Bays*.

Bays. You are resolved, I see, to torment and plague me worse than you did the Constable.

Hains. Besides, all the World knows, thou hast ten times more merit and title to the place, than the present Usurper. Then write a Panegyrick, which thou canst do as fast as Hops upon black and green Gowns, and the Clergy, all the World ever will forgive thee. Burn thy Hind and Panther, and then the *Religio Laici*, and the *Spanish Friar*, will come in play again. But if King *James* ever come in, Ill give thee a Note under my Hand and Seal to return to the *Roman Church*; nay, rather than fail, Ill bear thee Company my self.

Bays. Will you let me go, Sir, I shall be in a passion anon——

Hains. But what will you do for your sustenance, Man? How'll you spend your time?

Bays. What's that to you? perhaps Ill write Tragedies for the diversion of the Town, Political Essays for the diversion of Statesmen, Amorous discourses for the diversion of the Ladies, a Treatise of Criticism for the diversion of young Authors, a Treatise of Old Age for the Consolation of Gray Hairs, and——

Hains. A Treatise of Patience for the consolation of the *Jacobites*. Nay, Mr.

Bays, if I can't Convert thee from Popery, Ill at least Convert thee from the plague of Writing. You are to understand, Poet *Squob*——

Bays. Dont understand, or *Squob* me, Mr. *Hains*; I shall——

Hains. Nay, I have you fast, you shant go I'faith—— That at the Place of the *Farnese* at *Rome*, theres a celebrated piece of *Caracchio's*, wherein theres Pictured the Pope and Emperour, seated in their Thrones. And first comes a Counsellor with this Label in his mouth, *I advise you two*. A Courtier, *I flatter you three*. Then a Husbandman, *I feed you four*. Then a Lawyer, *I rob you five*. Then a Souldier, *I fight for you six*. And lastly, comes a Physician with his, *I kill all you seven*.

Bays. Wilt thou never have done, thou everlasting plague, thou——

Hains. Even so, Mr. *Bays*, we Gentlemen Authors write for the Gentlemen Printers: The Gentlemen Printers Print for the Gentlemen Bookfellers: The Gentlemen Bookfellers sell to the Gentlemen Readers. But at last comes the *Christmas* Pies, the Tarts, the Trunks, the Banboxes, the Paper Kites, the Coffee-houses, and Grocers Shops, and immediately consume what the Gentlemen Readers bought, the Gentlemen Bookfellers Sold, the Gentlemen Printers Printed, and the Gentlemen Authors wrote.—Now Ill let you go, Mr. *Bays*, but chew the Cud a while upon this melancholly observation, and write if you can.

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